

he would be an overwhelming favorite.

But he is not as good. Notwithstanding glowing reports sent from his training camp, and no matter what may be said of him should he put the kibosh on Murphy, he is not the Wolgast of championship days.

Ad has made the 133 pounds demanded, and the task must have weakened him to a slight extent. Since fighting Ritchie he has done no work that would keep down his weight. When he went into training he had six pounds to take off. They came off fast. They came off so fast as to arouse a suspicion that he has been put through the dryout process. He touched 132½ last night. His handlers may have figured on getting down to the mark and then leaving him a day or so to strengthen at 133 pounds. But that is a dangerous experiment.

Only the actual fight will tell how good Wolgast is, but he doesn't look like the 10-to-7 favorite his backers have made him.

Murphy is not a sensational fighter. He has been licked and licked good in his long career, but always comes back with a good fight in his system, and just as his obituary is being prepared, breaks back on the sport page by walloping some aspiring lightweight.

He is a game battler, and is not averse to swapping punches. This battle means a whole lot to the Harlemiter. During his entire ring life he has never had a crack at the title. If he puts Wolgast away the opportunity will be

within reaching distance. If he is defeated he must start all over.

This fight looks like an even bet, with Murphy liable to put something over on the Michigan wildcat the public does not expect. It all depends on how far Wolgast has gone back.

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#### Compensation Curiosities.

All sorts of funny claims are made under the Workmen's Compensation Act, now in effect in England, and a journalist who has made inquiries of some of the leading companies who insure under the act has discovered some droll instances. Here are a few:

A cow, whisking her tail, causes severe injury to milk-maid's eye.

A servant receives shock through seeing a large Teddy bear when the room was dimly lighted.

A man servant strains his leg through stepping on a cat.

A cook, breaking coal, a piece went down her throat.

A curate scalded through stumbling while carrying a tea urn at a parochial gathering.

A clergyman bitten by a dog while visiting.

A coachman, proceeding from a stable, struck in the face by his master's slipper, intended for a howling cat.

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Salesman—Shirt, sir? Will you have a negligee or a stiff bosom?  
Customer—Negligee, I guess. The doctor said I must avoid starchy things.